

## PART 4

Her heart was beating fast as she sat down in her chair. Looking in the mirror, she saw that her hair needed fixing, so she fluffed it up. Liking what she saw, Ginny Weasley nodded her head in satisfaction. She breathed in deeply and steadily, trying to calm herself down. She still had an hour or so before her debut on Hermione's MagiCam site. She still couldn't believe that Hermione had talked her into it. The newly single Ginny had decided on a girl's night out with Hermione and Fleur, and after a few drinks, she told Hermione about her dream to travel around Europe for a few months. That was something that she had always wanted to do. Now that she was an adult, the urge to do it was even greater. There was one problem, however ... money.

It seemed that money would forever be the bane of the Weasley's existence. Sure, she had a job, but it didn't pay all that well. She could barely afford to keep the flat that she had rented, let alone save for a multi-month trip around the continent. She had long since realized that it would likely never happen, and if it did, it would be sometime far in the future. After one too many drinks, she joked with the girls that she should become one of those cam girls that she had heard about. From what she knew, they could make tons of gold from the comfort of their own home. Of course, she was only joking around. At least she was until the girls let her in on a secret. Both of them were secretly cam girls, and Hermione was the biggest cam girl of them all! She was the famous Mistress of MagiCam! Fleur was also an up and coming star in the cam world. Then they dropped another huge bombshell on her. Harry was in on it as well, and not only did he routinely join Hermione in her show, but he joined Fleur as well! It was all so unbelievable.

Ginny couldn't help but ask questions. She asked about the camming, but the girl in her wanted to know one thing. How was Harry in bed? She blushed fiercely as they told her stories of his sexual prowess. All of this had her intrigued. She probably wouldn't want to do that kind of stuff all the time, but maybe a few times to earn enough gold. Who would it hurt? She would be wearing a mask, so no one would know it was her, and she could do it solo. A naughty voice in her head told her that maybe she could get a certain green-eyed savior to join her. It wasn't long after that that Hermione told her something that sealed her fate. Hermione and Fleur were going to France for a week or so. They were using some of their newfound wealth to open several magical clothing boutiques, and they needed to be there to sign paperwork and see that everything was going according to plan. Harry couldn't go with them since he had work, and obviously, they wouldn't be doing their show while on the road. Hermione then told her that she could use her site as a guest appearance if she paid her half of what she earned. Hermione assured her that half was still a small fortune for a few hours' work.

Ginny blushed and stuttered, still a bit tipsy from all the drinking. She made the excuse that she didn't even know how all that stuff worked. Hermione and Fleur just smirked and told her that Harry would be more than happy to join her during the show and handle everything. Hearing that had made Ginny instantly wet. Even though she was mostly over it, she still nursed a fairly big crush on Harry. Hearing that not only would she be able to earn enough to pay for her trip in the span of a few shows, but she would get the chance to be fucked by her long time crush, well

that made up her mind for her. She immediately agreed. Now, here she was in Hermione's room, all dolled up and waiting for Harry to start the show.

Around an hour later, she was called out by Harry who was ready to start the show. "Don't worry about anything. I'll handle all of the technical stuff. You just be the shy, sexy girl that you are and the crowd will love you," he teased her, earning a blush and a punch on the arm.

"Put your mask on. We're about to start," Harry told her, putting on his mask as well. Once her mask was on, he started the live feed. He had already told her about how the mirrors worked and all that stuff. She sat on the bed nervously as she watched him greet the chat and explain things. Ginny was actually kind of amazed. He was such a natural at this. She was brought out of her thoughts when he grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet. Harry placed his hands on her wide hips and turned her to face the biggest mirror. She was blushing deeply under her mask. Thankfully, no one could see it. Her heart hammered in her chest as she felt Harry's warm breath roll over her delicate shoulders. His hands were squeezing her waist from behind and he kissed the side of her pale neck. Ginny closed her eyes and moaned as his lips traveled downward, gliding over her shoulder. Her pussy tingled at the thought that she was about to fuck Harry Potter. She turned her head and captured her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. She kissed him for all it was worth, getting out years of sexual frustration at not being able to throw him down and ride him until his dick fell off.

Her plump, lovely lips danced over his, and she giggled when he captured her lower lip between his teeth. He put a little pressure on it and pulled slightly before letting go and kissing her again. She loved that he was being playful with her. Her hands explored every bit of exposed skin that she could reach. It happened to be a lot of skin since he was only wearing a pair of silk boxers. His hands slid up her toned, flat belly until they reached her bra. Her breath hitched when his hands slid underneath the silky material and cupped her large, perky breasts. Then she jumped in fright when a loud chime echoed throughout the room. Harry chuckled into her neck. "It's just a donation, love. They like what they see," Harry explained.

Ginny blushed again, but strangely felt a bit of pride as well. It was a bit of a turn on to know that thousands of people were watching her and liked what they saw. She could imagine that most were masturbating to her right now. Wanting to give a better show, she stuck her chest out a bit more, and Harry being the professional that he was, unclipped her bra and let it fall to the ground. As soon as her perky tits were exposed to the mirror, chime after chime rang out as the donations poured in. That gave her a big boost to her confidence and ego. Ginny decided to reward them by shaking her chest back and forth. Harry watched spellbound as her large, gorgeous tits jiggled, and bounced. They had to be at least small D's, and were capped with perfect, little pink nubs that he couldn't wait to suck on.

Harry smiled as he watched Ginny jiggle around. Now the sexy redhead was only wearing a tiny, red thong and some red high heels. Walking behind her while she shook her tits at the mirror, he kneeled down on one knee and gripped the waistband of her tiny panties. Slowly, he pulled them down, and he watched fascinated as the string of her panties slid out from between

her cheeks. He pulled them down past her knees and to her ankles before he helped her step out of them. Harry stood back up and pressed against her back as he showed the chat her panties in his hand. He could smell her scent all over the damp material. He made a show of himself placing them in a sealable, plastic bag for the after show auction. Ginny, of course already knew this, but still blushed in embarrassment knowing that some pervert out there was going to have her panties. He would be able to smell her scent and do anything that he wanted to them. At least she would be getting a good payday out of it.

Once done, Harry got behind her again and squeezed her hips. He turned her so she was facing the mirror. He made sure to give the chat a perfect view of her tight, little body. Ginny was a sexy little thing with pale skin and a dusting of freckles. Her large breasts gave way to a slim, toned belly before flaring into wide, curvaceous hips. Her body was completely hairless except for her mound. There she had a trimmed bush of auburn colored pubes.

Ginny closed her eyes and leaned her head back to rest it on Harry's shoulder. She gave in to the sensation of his warm hand drifting down her belly until he ran his fingers through her pubes. Ginny bit her lower lip sexily as he gently scratched the tender skin with his fingernails. It wasn't enough for her, however. She wanted more. Grabbing his hand, she moved it from her mound to down between her thighs. Her body shivered when his fingers first touched her most intimate of spots.

"Mmmm, you're so wet, love," he told her loud enough for the chat to hear.

"You always make me wet," Ginny gasped, his fingers sliding back and forth between her damp folds. She was rocking her hips in rhythm with his hand movements. It felt incredible to her. His other hand joined in and began stroking her hard clit. A spasm rocked her body from the intense pleasure she felt. Harry removed his fingers from her folds and held them up to her lips. She could immediately smell the musky scent of her arousal. She could see his fingers coated in her drippings. Feeling naughty, she took his offering and sucked on his fingers. He moaned quietly as she wiggled her tongue around them, and finally let them go with a pop when she had sucked them clean.

"Why don't we show everyone just how wet you really are," he huskily said, quickly pulling off his boxers and licking her shoulder before grabbing her under each knee and lifting her body up.

Ginny squeaked out as she rose into the air. Her back was pressed against Harry's chest, and he was holding her legs open. Ginny had never blushed so hard in her entire life. Her dripping wet pussy was completely exposed to everyone watching. Thousands of men were watching her pretty, pink folds slightly open with the parting of her legs. Harry was kissing and nipping at her neck when he told her, "Why don't you spread them, love? Show us your insides." Ginny gasped at the lewdness of his request. Still, she wanted to put on a good show and earn plenty of galleons, and from the sound of it, the galleons were rolling in. Pink-cheeked, she reached down and placed her fingers on each pussy lip. Slowly, she pulled them apart and showed off her wet, pink innards.

“Good girl. Now help me stick it in,” he ordered over the chiming sounds of donations being made. Ginny reached down and gripped the biggest cock that she had ever handled. She could see it through the mirror and it looked enormous! Her hand looked so tiny against it as she stroked him to full hardness. Once he was as hard as he could get, she placed it against her opening and gasped when he slid her down on it.

Ginny couldn't believe the sounds that were coming out of her mouth. She was moaning, squeaking, and gasping like a whore as she was bounced up and down on the massive cock of Harry Potter. Her big breasts were flopping up and down and nearly hitting her in the face in the midst of their wild fucking. She was so horny that she was already close to cumming. The loud clapping of their bodies was mixed with the sounds of donations, and it made her want more. She wanted more sex, more money, more of everything. Reaching down, she rubbed her sloppy wet pussy and coated her fingers in her juices. She held them up for the chat to see before flicking her fingers toward the mirror and sending her juices flying toward them. Harry walked to the bed and let her fall forward onto her hands and knees. She stayed in that position, expecting to get fucked, but when that didn't immediately happen, she looked over her shoulder. Harry had the handheld mirror and was getting close-ups of her recently fucked pussy. She did her part by arching her back and spreading her thighs wider apart. Ginny placed her face down in embarrassment as she felt his fingers exploring her pussy and ass. Her body trembled when his fingers brushed over her virgin asshole. Maybe they could do a special show claiming her anal virginity. She was sure people would pay to see that. She squeaked loudly and bucked her body when he pinched and pulled her clit. The bastard just chuckled and slapped her fat ass. The loud slap turned into a loud moan as he slid all the way in with a single thrust.

“C'mon, love. Tell everyone how good it feels,” he teased, spanking her ass again as he brutally fucked her. Ginny was moaning into the sheets as her hands bunched up the material tightly.

“It feels good,” came her muffled reply. Her pussy was tingling badly. She squealed when he reached under her and rolled her throbbing clit between his fingers.

“You're going to have to speak up, love,” he teased again as his massive cock was rubbing mercilessly against her G-spot.

“It fucking feels good!” she lifted her head and cried out. Just then, her eyes went as wide as saucers. Harry pulled her clit and directed his pure, raw magic directly into it. Every inch of her body throbbed with the greatest pleasure that she could ever imagine. Her pussy clamped down as she felt something about to escape her. She was wailing wildly as her body shook rapidly, and Harry pulled out just in time to grab the mini mirror and hold it up to her pussy. The chat got a front-row seat as her pussy exploded and squirted a torrent of pussy juice right at the mirror. She gushed out squirt after squirt of fluid, drenching the handheld mirror and earning massive amounts of donations. After she calmed down, Harry kissed her buttocks before slapping her ass again. He waddled around her, stroking his big dick before he lifted her chin.

She looked at him before he stuffed his cock into her mouth. Ginny did her best to suck him dry, but she was so tired that she just let him fuck her face. She coughed and gagged as he speared her throat for a few minutes before groaning loudly. He held the mirror to her face as he took his cock in his other hand. Knowing what was about to happen, Ginny closed her eyes and squeaked when spurt after spurt of hot cum hit her in the face. Most went on her mask, but some hit her in the mouth and even more dribbled down over her lips. When he was dry, he gently slapped her lips with his cock, trying to get all of his cum onto her face. Once done, she collapsed onto the bed, breathing heavily. Harry took over from there.

“Alright chat ... how about a break before round two?” she heard Harry ask. Her eyes widened. Round two?